CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 49

10¢

AUGUST

COMICS

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER
PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE "SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

FREE for Prompt Action

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

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Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and the Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive put deposit through your Postman $1.49 (cash with order) plus postage. Then put the Weather House in operation. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance. Then if you don't agree it is worth more than ten times our small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

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GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition has it that growing one of these plants will bring much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH THAT PLANT PRODUCES THIS

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. M-24
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.49 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose $1.49. You Pay Postage. Two for $2.98.

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

AZI
MILITARISM, FRUS-
TRATED IN A SECOND
ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE THE
WORLD, BATTLES LIKE THE
PROVERBIAL CORNERED RAT IN
DESPERATE BID FOR *TIME! TIME*
TO PREPARE FOR WORLD WAR #3 --
AND #4 -- AND #5, AND MORE
NEED BE TO SUCCEED IN THEIR POISONOUS
PHILOSOPHY OF HATE, SLAVERY AND NAZI
MASTERY OF THE WORLD! *BUT* -- THE
DEPRAVED MIND OF THESE WOULD BE TYRANTS
FAILS TO RECKON WITH THE FORCES STACKED
AGAINST THEM! REPRESENTED BY A GREAT
HEROIC FIGURE, SYMBOLIC OF THE ETERNAL
STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND EVERLASTING
PEACE --- *CAPTAIN AMERICA*, WHO
TOGETHER WITH HIS FIGHTING PAL,
BUCKY, *Battles* --

The LEAGUE of HATE

JUNE 1945. IN MIDDLEVALE, A TYPICAL AMERICAN TOWN, DOING ITS SHARE TO CONCLUDE THE DEFEAT OF THE AXIS...

MIDNIGHT IN THE CHURCH GRAVEYARD OF THE TOWN! THE WATCHMAN HEARS PROWLERS...

STOP OR I'LL SHOOT! THOSE FELLAS ARE SMASHING THE HEADSTONES OF THE WORLD WAR HEROES ---

UGH -- GH ---

DIED

THE NEXT NIGHT!

YOLLA TAILOR

CRASH!

--AND THE NEXT...

DOWN WITH ALL FOREIGNERS! AMERICA FOR AMERICANS ONLY!

CHURCHES AND GRAVES DESECRATED! SHOPS SMASHED AND THEIR OWNERS ALMOST KILLED!

THE VANDALS LEFT THESE SIGNS AT EACH SPOT, MR. MAYOR!

A COMMITTEE OF TOWNSPEOPLE LED BY TWO WOUNDED VETERANS, BESIEGE THE HARASSED MAYOR WITH A DEMAND FOR ACTION!

WE'RE DOING ALL WE POSSIBLY CAN!

BAH! WE'LL FIND 'EM! AND WHEN WE DO! WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM!

LET'S GET THE WHOLE TOWN TOGETHER!

THAT NIGHT AT A MASS MEETING, THE MAYOR IS HOWLED DOWN!

LISTEN! YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!

THOSE UNIFORMS ARE JUST A TRICK TO GET SYMPATHY TO COVER THEIR FAILURE!

BOO-BOO! WE WANT ACTION!

YOU ARE TURNING RACE AGAINST RACE BY YOUR ACTIONS! SPREADING HATRED! DESTROYING OUR BELOVED DEMOCRACY! DOING EXACTLY WHAT THE ENEMY WANTS! I BEG YOU---

THE VETERANS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR HAD THEIR CHANCE AND FLOPPED! THAT'S WHY SO MANY OF YOUR SONS, HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS ARE DYING IN THE PRESENT STRUGGLE!

THE TOWNSPEOPLE INFLAMED BY THE EMOTIONAL APPEAL AND THINKING ABOUT THEIR DEAR ONES ON FAR FLUNG BATTLEFIELDS, TURN INTO A RIOTOUS MOB---

SUCH TALK IS DANGEROUS! IT MEANS A SOFT PEACE FOR THE NAZIS! PLAYING INTO HITLER'S HANDS! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! NOT UNTIL EVERYTHING THE NAZIS STAND FOR IS DESTROYED FOREVER!

THE NAZIS ARE LICKED AND WANT PEACE! ALL WE CAN ACCOMPLISH BY FIGHTING FURTHER IS, THAT YOUR SONS AND BROTHERS WILL DIE ON FOREIGN SOIL!

HE'S RIGHT! ENOUGH BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED!

WHEN A LONE FIGURE AMONG THE VACATED SEATS, SPRINGS ERECT!

IT'S HIS TALK THAT IS DANGEROUS! IT'S HIS KIND! PROTECTING FOREIGNERS, THAT'S CAUSING TROUBLE!

SENDING AMERICAN BOYS TO WAR TO BE KILLED WHILE THEY STAY HOME AND GET RICH!

THE SHOUTS OF THE BLIND VETERAN HALTS THE CROWD'S MAD ATTACK ON THE MAYOR!

STOP! STOP! HAVE YOU ALL GONE CRAZY? LISTENING TO TALK THAT'LL DRIVE YOU TO DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET YOUR WHOLE LIVES! AND AS FOR THIS TALK OF FOREIGNERS ... ???

IT'S NONSENSE! AND THIS ROT ABOUT SENDING ONLY THE AMERICAN BOYS OFF TO BE KILLED IS RIDICULOUS! LISTEN TO THESE NAMES, HELLY, LEVIN, SARABALDI, GRABOSKY!

THOSE WERE SOME OF MY BUDDIES WHO FOUGHT BESIDE ME! CATHOLIC, NEGRO, JEW, POLE! THEY WERE ALL AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT AND DIED SO WE COULD LIVE IN PEACE AND HARMONY! AND HERE YOU ARE DESTROYING THE VERY IDEALS YOUR OWN DEAR ONES ARE FIGHTING FOR!

BROUGHT TO THEIR SENSES BY THE BLINDED HERO, THE CROWD DISPERSES! AND LATE THAT NIGHT IN AN OLD DESERTED BARN ON THE OUTSKIRTS ...

ACHTUNG! LISTEN TO CAPTAIN VERGELHAUPT!

THE MAYOR AND THE BLIND BOY! THEY ARE MOST DANGEROUS AND MUST BE REMOVED FIRST! HERE IS THE PLAN!

AND AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT THE SINISTER QUINTETTE IS PLOTTING --- CAPTAIN AMERICA AS STEVE ROGERS, BACK IN THE STATES ON A SHORT LEAVE, AFTER ALMOST THREE YEARS OF FIGHTING ON ALL FRONTS, IS DISCUSSING AN INVITATION FROM THE BLIND HERO WITH HIS PAL, BUCKY, ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR MIDDLEVALE!

HIS LONE STAND, SAVED HIS WHOLE COMPANY FROM ANNIHILATION! A SHELL FRAGMENT ALMOST TORE HIS HEAD OFF BUT HE KEPT FIRING!

GOSH! WHATTA SWEET GUY HE IS!

HIS LETTER SAID HE'D NEVER FORGIVE US IF WE DIDN'T COME AND GET A TASTE OF HIS MOM'S COOKIN'! WHAT'S WRONG, STEVE?

WISH WE WERE THERE! I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG!

COMET

THE NEXT DAY, IN MIDDLEVALE ---

LOOK, STEVE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BATTERING RAM!

UGLY MOB! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT, MISTER?

LYNCHIN'! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE JAIL!

THEY'RE AFTER THE MAYOR FOR KILLIN' TOMMY WESTON!

TOMMY WESTON? DEAD?

THAT'S THE GUY WE CAME TO SEE! OUR BLIND FRIEND!

THERE'LL BE NO LYNCHING IF WE CAN HELP IT! LET'S GO, BUCKY!

HEY! BETTER NOT MIX IN! MIGHT GET HURT!

BUY WAR BONDS!

HE'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL! WE WON'T GIVE HIM UP!
MIDDLE TOWN
STAND ASIDE! WE'RE GOING IN TO GET HIM!

WITH A MAD HOWL, THE LYNCH MOB SWARMS FORWARD JUST AS TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES REACH THE SQUARE!
WE'RE TIRED OF YOUR WAY OF DOING THINGS!
LET'S GET THE KILLER OF POOR TOMMY WESTON!

THE MOB SHOUTS RECOGNITION AS CAP AND BUCKY PLUNGE THRU THEIR RANKS!
STOP!
YOW! HE'S TRYING TO RIP HIS FACE!
IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HOPPING AGILELY ON ONE FOOT, THE WOUNDED VET ATTACKS THE SURPRISED CAPTAIN AMERICA ....

I'LL TEACH YOU TO MEDDLE!

WHAT IN---?

BUCKY'S WARNING CRY SAVES CAP FROM A VICIOUS SWIPE OF THE STEEL CLAWED HAND!

CAP! LOOKOUT!

OOF!

I HATE THE IDEA OF DOING THIS, BUDDY! BUT IT'S NECESSARY!

SORRY, I HAD TO HIT YOU FELLOWS! BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO BRING YOU BACK TO YOUR SENSES--- AND MAKE YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

AWED BY THE FAMED HERO'S ACTION AND ELOQUENT APPEAL, THE MOB QUICKLY BREAKS UP!

YOU MEN ARE JUST AS GUILTY AS THOSE TWO WHO INCITED YOU! A CRIME WAS COMMITTED AND THE LAW WILL SEE THAT THE GUILTY ONE IS PUNISHED! NOW DISPERSE AND GO TO YOUR HOMES!

WHAT NOW, CAP?

TO TALK TO THE POLICE AND SEE THE ACCUSED MAYOR! TO LEARN HOW AND IF HE REALLY KILLED TOMMY WESTON!

THE POLICE TELL THEIR STORY...

WHEN WE GOT TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE HE WAS STANDING OVER THE BLIND BOY'S DEAD BODY WITH A SHOTGUN!

LOOKS BAD FOR HIM! WITH THE CORONER'S VERDICT THAT THE MAYOR'S GUN CAUSED DEATH!

CAP SEARCHES THE ACCUSED MAN'S HAGGARD FACE!

WHY SHOULD I MURDER POOR TOMMY? I HAD NO REASON! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! I SWEAR I AM INNOCENT!

HMM? I BELIEVE YOU ARE!

COME ON, MAN! BRACE UP AND TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

I'LL TRY! IT...WAS LATE AT NIGHT! I WAS AWAKENED BY A LOUD POUNDING ON THE DOWN STAIRS DOOR! I HURRIED DOWN TO ANSWER...

WHY... THERE'S NO ONE HERE? OH-UGH!

I'LL GET THE MAYOR'S GUN! YOU TWO HOLD UP THE BODY BETWEEN YOU! UNOT I DO THE REST!

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO BRING DER CRUTCHES! THE POSITION OF DER TWO BODIES VILL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE DEY WERE BOTH STANDING VEN HE SHOT HIM!

C

IT WAS ALL VERY VAGUE... WHEN I CAME TO--I-- FOUND THE GUN IN MY HANDS AND... TOMMY... DEAD!

MR. MAYOR! DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO WOULD WANT YOU AND TOMMY OUT OF THE WAY FOR ANY REASON?

HOW ABOUT THOSE TWO CRIPPLED VETS WHO LED THE LYNCH MOB?

THE CHIEF TOLD US OF THE TROUBLE IN TOWN AND OF THE OPPOSITION OF THE TWO RINGLEADERS!

YOU MEAN... JIM MASON AND BILL SUMMERS? **IMPOSSIBLE!** THEY'RE **HEROES**, CRIPPLED WHILE FIGHTING THE NAZIS! THEY ARE YOUNG AND EXCITABLE, PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM WAR NERVES LIKE A LOT OF WOUNDED RETURNED BOYS! THEY COULDN'T... TOMMY WAS THEIR BUDDY!

HE'S RIGHT, CAP! WE CAME HOME ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP WITH TOMMY! I REMEMBER SEEING THIS MASON AND SUMMERS!

I KNEW I SAW THEM **BEFORE**! BUT STILL...

COME ON, BUCKY!

HEY!

WHY NO! COME TO THINK OF IT! MASON AND SUMMERS ARE NOT HOME TOWN BOYS! THEY CAME HOME WITH TOM AND...

THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS AS CAP GETS AN ANSWER TO A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS!

MINUTES LATER, A POPEYED BUCKY HAS HEARD CAP'S SHOCKING THEORY, AND THEY RACE FROM THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE AFTER MAKING A HURRIED CALL TO WASHINGTON!

I'LL TELL THE CORONER TO MEET YOU AT THE MORGUE!

THANKS, CHIEF! AND STICK BY THE PHONE FOR THAT ANSWER FROM THE F.B.I.!

LATER AT THE MORGUE!

I STILL DON'T THINK AN AUTOPSY IS NECESSARY! THE SHOTGUN CHARGE IN THE CHEST IS OBVIOUSLY THE CAUSE OF DEATH!

I THINK YOU'LL LEARN OTHERWISE, DOCTOR! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE! LET'S GO, BUCKY!

CAP ARRIVES BACK AT THE CHIEF'S OFFICE IN TIME TO GET THE CALL FROM THE F.B.I.!

WE'RE UP AGAINST A NATIONWIDE NAZI PLOT, CHIEF! I SUGGEST YOUR AGENTS CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS OF ALL THOSE TROUBLE-MAKING RETURNED VETS WITH THEIR WAR-FILES!

YOU SAY--NONE OF THESE OTHER RETURNED SOLDIERS LIVED IN THESE TOWNS?

THAT'S RIGHT! WE CHECKED AT LEAST TWENTY TOWNS THAT HAD THE SAME TROUBLE AS MIDDLEVALE! AND IN EACH CASE, SOME RETURNED VET WAS THE RINGLEADER!

I'LL TRY TO GET THE PRINTS OF MASON AND SUMMERS AND SEND THEM ON TO YOU!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!! CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

A KNIFE WOUND CAUSED TOMMY'S DEATH! I FOUND A NARROW SLIT IN THE HEART MUSCLES! NO SHOT COULD MAKE THAT SHAPE WOUND!

HOLY CATS!

I KNEW IT! THEY TRIED TO COVER UP THE KNIFE WOUND WITH THE CHARGE FROM THE GUN!

HIS SUSPICIONS SUBSTANTIATED IN PART BY THE F.B.I. AND CONFIRMED BY THE CORONER'S NEW FINDINGS, CAP SETS OUT WITH BUCKY TO SOMEHOW GET HOLD OF THE FINGER PRINTS OF THE TWO CRIPPLED VETS!

WE'RE UP AGAINST AN INGENIOUS NAZI MASTER PLOT, LAD! SOMETHING THAT THREATENS OUR WHOLE DEMOCRATIC FOUNDATION!

BUT HOW COULD THOSE TWO BE NAZIS??

HOW DID THEY GET ABOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP AMONG THE WOUNDED AMERICANS? REMEMBER, WE SAW THEM THERE!

YES, LAD! IT'S A DEVILISH, CLEVER TWIST THAT WILL EVENTUALLY BE UNCOVERED!

IN THE MEANTIME, UNKNOWN TO CAP, A COG IN THE NAZI INTRIGUE MACHINE HAS LISTENED IN TO HIS PHONE CONVERSATIONS!

... THE PRINTS OF MASON AND BROWN AND SEND THEM ON TO YOU!

HIMMEL! DER F.B.I. UNDT CAPTAIN AMERICA?? I'LL VARN CAPTAIN VERGELHAUPT!

THE TWO WOUNDED VETS HEAR THE WARNING CALL COME IN!

HOLD ON! CAPTAIN VERGELHAUPT HAS FURTHER ORDERS!

TELL HIM TO WARN OUR OTHER AGENTS AND MEET US AT THE CROSSROADS! YOU THREE GET THE CAR PACKED!

THE FLEEING NAZIS SLOW UP AT THE CROSSROADS TO PICK UP THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE ARE LOST! TURN DOWN THE OTHER ROAD!

NEIN, YOU IDIOT! THEY DON'T KNOW WE ARE ESCAPING! PICK UP SPEED! WE WILL RUN THEM DOWN!

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUDDEN SPURT OF SPEED PUT ON BY THE ONCOMING NAZIS, PUTS CAP ON HIS GUARD!

NOW! TWIST YOUR WHEEL SHARPLY!

THAT CAR? IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR US?

WITH A WARNING CRY, CAP PUSHES BUCKY OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CAR!

LOOKOUT!

HEY! OOPS! CAP! (GROAN) HE'S HIT!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

I'M O.K. NOW, LAD! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAP?

GOSH! YOU HAD ME WORRIED! IT WAS MASON AND SUMMERS WITH SOME OTHER MUGS! THEY KEPT GOING!

WE'LL NEVER GET THEM! THEY HAVE QUITE A START!

WE'LL TRY BY CUTTING CROSS COUNTRY! I RECALL A RAILROAD TRESTLE THAT BRIDGES THE ROAD THEY TOOK!

WITH A BURST OF SPEED THAT OUTDISTANCES BUCKY, CAP REACHES THE TRESTLE AND LEAPS AS THE NAZI CAR IS ABOUT TO FLASH BY BELOW HIM!

CAP! (GROAN) GOSH! THERE HE GOES! (GULP) HE'S DONE FOR IF HE MISJUDGED HIS JUMP!

SPLIT SECOND TIMING COMBINES WITH UNERRING JUDGEMENT...

CAPTAIN AMERICA! ZTUM TEUFEL!

...WHILE CAPTAIN VERSELHAUPT, ALIAS MASON LEAPS FREE IN SPITE OF HIS HANDICAP...

THE CAR OUT OF CONTROL, CRASHES, KILLING FOUR OF THE NAZI CONSPIRATORS...

CRASH

QUICKLY OVERTAKEN BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE CURSING NAZI LEADER ATTACKS...

THIS IS ONE TIME I HAVE NO SCRUPLES ABOUT ATTACKING A CRIPPLE! NOT WHEN HE'S A NAZI KILLER!

YOW-O-O-F-F

A WEEK LATER, ON A NATION WIDE HOOK-UP...

THANKS TO HIS COURAGE AND EFFORTS, THE ENTIRE NAZI RING HAS EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED AND SO, THE NATION LISTENING IN MAY KNOW OF THE DANGERS WITHIN OUR OWN BORDERS, I AM HONORED TO PRESENT CAPTAIN AMERICA!

G'WAN, CAP! YOU'RE ON NEXT!

FELLOW AMERICANS! I THINK I CAN BEST WARN YOU OF THE CUNNING AND UNSCRUPULOUS RESOURCEFULNESS OF OUR ENEMIES. BY TELLING YOU THE STORY BEHIND THE GIGANTIC PLOT JUST UNCOVERED! IT WAS SOME MONTHS AGO ---

A

VUNDERBAR! DEY LOOK JUST LIKE SHTUPID AMERIKANER!

YA! WE PICKED THEM FOR THAT REASON!

HITLER AND HIS UNHOLY TRIO MADE A TRIP TO THEIR FRONT LINES TO PERSONALLY INSPECT SOME TWO HUNDRED YOUNG NAZIS WHO HAD UNDERGONE A YEAR'S RIGOROUS, SPECIAL TRAINING!

EACH MAN HAS BEEN CAREFULLY INSTRUCTED IN THE HISTORY AND BACKGROUND OF A DEAD AMERICAN! PRISONERS CAPTURED TODAY, WHO, WE LEARNED, HAD NO FAMILIES!

ACH, DOT ISS CLEVER!

YOU WILL BE SENT TO COUNTRIES ALL OVER DER WORLD! YOUR CHOB IS TO DESTROY DER DEMOCRACIES! SHPREAD DISSENSION UNOT RACE HATRED! UNOT MOST IMPORTANT... TO... SHPREAD PROPAGANDA FOR A SOFT PEACE!

YA! A SOFT PEACE, SO OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS ARE SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION! UNOT TO GIFF US TIME TO PREPARE FOR DER NEXT WAR! YOUR FUEHRER PROMISES DOT DEUTCHLAND VILL RULE DER WORLD! IT ISS DER NAZI DESTINY! ALL NATIONS MUST UND VILL BOW TO US SUPERMEN!

THESE TWO HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO BE FIRST NINE FUEHRER!

GOOD! I VILL PERSONALLY GIFF DER ORDER TO FIRE! DEY DESERVE DOT HONOR!

ALL TWO HUNDRED OF THOSE FANATICAL NAZIS DELIBERATELY ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE MAIMED! AND CARRYING THE IDENTIFICATION PAPERS OF THE SLAIN AMERICAN PRISONERS, WHOSE BLOODY UNIFORMS THEY WORE, WERE CARRIED IN THE DARK OF NIGHT AND DUMPED NEAR OUR LINES!

THE NAZIS DELIBERATELY FELL BACK FROM THAT PARTICULAR SECTOR TO ENABLE THE SELF WOUNDED NAZI AGENTS TO BE FOUND BY OUR TROOPS! WHEN QUESTIONED, THEY TOLD A TALE OF BEING CAPTURED... AND WOUNDED WHILE ESCAPING FROM THE ENEMY!

FELLOW AMERICANS! THIS IS OUR FANATICAL ENEMY! DEDICATED TO SPREADING HATE PITTING MAN AGAINST MAN! RACE AGAINST RACE! AND ONLY THRU UNITED ACTION BY ALL FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE, WILL TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION BE UTTERLY DESTROYED AND MANKIND BE RID OF WAR AND GAIN A LASTING PEACE!

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH

FROM THE CORE OF A FORGOTTEN VOLCANO CAME THIS MONSTROUS GEM! A SCINTILLATING THING OF LIGHT AND DANCING BRILLIANCE! AND CONTAINING WITHIN IT, THE LURE OF FORTUNE THAT DREW RUTHLESS MEN AND LEFT A TRAIL OF DEATH AND TERROR! TORCH AND TORO FOLLOW THIS DANGEROUS TRAIL SEEKING THE END OF.....

"THE GEM OF DESTRUCTION"

A TRANSATLANTIC CLIPPER LANDS AT A BRAZILIAN AIRPORT...

PLACE DE LA JUNTA! I'LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS LATER!

FOLLOW THEM, MENDOZA! BUT DON'T LET THEM SUSPECT!

TRUST ME, SENOR!

SOMETIME LATER, AT THE SANTOS GEM COMPANY...

THE KIMBERLY QUEEN! WAITING ONLY THE TOUCH OF A MASTER CUTTER TO BRING FORTH IT'S BRILLIANCE! YOU TOOK CARE? YOU WERE NOT FOLLOWED?

I'M SURE OF IT.... I TOOK EVERY PRECAU... YOU!!

HA! HA!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T... AHHHH...

BANG! BANG!

SOME DAYS LATER, MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES TO THE NORTH...

SAY! DID YOU NOTICE THAT, TORO? SOMEONE JUST KICKED A BUNDLE OUT OF THAT CAR!

PROBABLY GETTING RID OF AN OLD RUG OR... HA! HA! OR AN OBJECTIONABLE MOTHER-IN-LAW!

VERY FUNNY! BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, THAT BUNDLE IS THE RIGHT SIZE TO CONCEAL A BODY! I'M HAVING A LOOK!

TORCH'S HUNCH IS CONFIRMED.....

HE'S COLD AS ICE! MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS... ANY IDENTIFICATION ON HIM?

YES! HIS NAME'S JAN BRUTTICK...A DIAMOND CUTTER BY TRADE! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE JERSEY POLICE!

HIS CARD SHOWS A NEW YORK ADDRESS! I WONDER WHY HE WAS KILLED... WISH WE'D STOPPED THAT CAR!

I DO TOO, KID! HE COULD HAVE SAVED THE POLICE A LOT OF TROUBLE... WELL, IT'S THEIR HEADACHE NOW!

HAVING INFORMED THE JERSEY POLICE OF THEIR FIND, THE DUO FLAME ACROSS THE RIVER TO THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT.....

WHAT'S IN THE REFRIGERATOR? I COULD EAT A NICE THICK STEAK!

SO COULD WE ALL! YOU'LL EAT EGGS AND LIKE IT... ANSWER THE DOOR BELL, I'LL PUT UP THE GRUB!

WHO IS IT, TORO?

A MRS. MEERSHAUM AND A FRIEND! SHE WANTS US TO LOCATE HER SON. HE'S BEEN MISSING THREE DAYS... AND TORCH... HER SON'S A DIAMOND CUTTER!

A DIAMOND CUTTER? ...I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

YOU SAY YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM? MAY I SEE IT?

I'M WORRIED ABOUT PETER. IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO STAY AWAY LIKE THIS. BUT FIRST LET ME INTRODUCE MR RHEIMS!

SO THIS IS PETER YOU LAST SAW HIM THREE DAYS AGO? AND YOU MR RHEIMS? WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM?

NOT FOR TWO YEARS! I'M A JEWELRY SALESMAN FOR A SOUTH AMERICAN FIRM! I CAME BACK A WEEK AGO!

PETER AND MR RHEIMS ARE OLD FRIENDS. PETER WAS ALREADY GONE WHEN HE CALLED! WILL YOU HELP ME, PLEASE?

I THOUGHT IT FOOLISH TO BOTHER YOU... I'M SURE HE'S IN NO REAL TROUBLE!

NO! NO! SOMETHING BAD HAS HAPPENED! WILL YOU HELP?

IT LOOKS LIKE A ROUTINE CASE FOR THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU! BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER LEAVE YOUR ADDRESS... NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

CERTAINLY. HER ADDRESS IS ON THIS CARD... AND THANK YOU SO MUCH!

WHY THE COLD SHOULDER, TORCH? THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS AND THE BODY HE FOUND AND YOU KNOW IT!

HOLD IT, LAD! I JUST PUT ON AN ACT FOR RHEMS! I DON'T ALTOGETHER TRUST HIM!

BUT HUH?

I DON'T KNOW YET! HOT FLAME KID, WE'RE GOING TO GET BUSY!

MINUTES LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE...

WHERE DO WE GO FIRST?

TO HEADQUARTERS! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S BEEN DUG UP ON THAT JERSEY KILLING!

JERSEY HASN'T DONE MUCH, TORCH! THEY SAY BRUTTICK VANISHED A WEEK AGO!

I KNOW THERE'S A HOOK UP BETWEEN THESE TWO THINGS... BUT WHAT? IT MIGHT BE DIAMONDS... THEY'RE BOTH CUTTERS!

SAY! I JUST GOT A CIRCULAR FROM THE BRAZILIAN POLICE TO BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR A DIAMOND THIEF THAT KILLED TWO MERCHANT'S DOWN THERE AND STOLE A FIVE THOUSAND CARAT ROCK... UNCUT! NO DESCRIPTION THOUGH!

DID YOU SAY UNCUT?

YEAH, WHY?

WHY? YOU'VE JUST CRACKED THIS CASE WIDE OPEN! C'MON KID! WE'RE GOING TO GET US A KILLER!

WHO IS THIS KILLER?

LATER, TORO! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO PETER'S MOTHER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HOME OF PETER'S MOTHER...

NO SIR. SHE ISN'T HERE! SHE LEFT ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO IN A TAXI WITH THAT MR. RHEIMS!

DID HE SAY WHERE THEY WERE GOING?

NO, SIR! BUT I DID HEAR MR. RHEIMS SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A BLUE ANGEL!

BLUE ANGEL, HUH? C'MON, LAD, WE'RE PAYING THAT PLACE A VISIT!

WHAT IS IT, TORCH?

A CHEAP BISTRO ON SOUTH STREET, LAD!

MINUTES LATER, THE CAFE OF THE BLUE ANGEL...

WHEW! THE ONLY ANGEL IN THAT PLACE MUST BE THE ONE IN LIGHTS!

IT'S A TOUGH SPOT! WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE OUR HANDS FULL INSIDE... WE'VE GOT TO HIT IT HARD!

THEY WOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE, TORCH!

GUESS NOT! LET'S TRY THE STAIRS!

NOW, PETER, DO A GOOD JOB OR HE'LL BE FORCED TO HURT YOUR DEAR M..... TORCH!!!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! A SHUBELING RING!

OWWWW....

BUT WHILE THE DUO CLEAN UP ON THE THUGS, PETER HAS MET HIS MATCH...

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT ME, YOU SOFT-HEARTED TRUSTING FOOL!

SOFT-HEARTED NO LONGER, RHEIMS! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR EVERY MOMENT OF MISERY YOU CAUSED ME!

SOME OTHER TIME, PETER!

OOOOOO...

RHEIMS MAKES A BREAK WITH THE PRICELESS DIAMOND, BUT THE FLAMING DUO...

AFTER HIM, LAD!

RHEIMS TAKES A BACKWARD LOOK FORGETTING THE STAIRS...

RHEIMS! WATCH THE STAIRS!

HAH! DO YOU THINK I'D FALL FOR YOUR TRICKS!

YOU'LL NEVER... AGHHHH...

SECONDS LATER THE DUO BEND LOW OVER THE DYING KILLER...

YOU'RE GOING FAST RHEIMS!

YES! FUNNY... STOLE DIAMOND... BROUGHT IT TO NEW YORK... HAD TO BE CUT... BRUTTICK REFUSED... KILLED HIM... KIDNAPPED PETER... THEN MOTHER... TO FORCE HIM TO... CUT... CUT ... OHHHH.....

WHAT DIRTY THINGS SOME MEN'LL DO FOR GAIN! BUT THEY ALL END UP THE SAME OLD WAY!

SPEAKING OF ENDINGS, TORCH! THERE'S A HAPPY ONE!

The End

CAPTAIN AMERICA

VERSUS
DIAVOLO
and his
"SYMPHONY
of
DEATH"

ONE EVIL CRIMINAL GENIUS! PLUS A MURDEROUS BAND OF HENCHMEN! ADD A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAS A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH! MIX WELL WITH PLAINTIVE NOTES OF A HAND ORGAN AND AND IT'S CUTE LITTLE MONK! SERVE WITH A DASH OF MYSTERY AND A FULL MEASURE OF DANGER TO THOSE TWO RELENTLESS CRIME FIGHTERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! AND YOU HAVE ....

"THE SYMPHONY OF *DEATH!*"

STEVE ROGERS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT ON A MATTER OF BUSINESS, POINTS OUT A FAMOUS LAND-MARK TO HIS PAL, BUCKY!

THAT'S WHERE WASHINGTON WAS SWORN IN AS OUR FIRST PRESIDENT!

HELLO, LITTLE FELLA! WHAT A CUTE MONK!

LET HIM ALONE! BEAT IT!

HE WAS PRETTY NASTY ABOUT MY PLAYING WITH THAT MONK!
HA-HA! TEMPERAMENTAL LIKE ALL ARTISTS!

SUDDENLY, TWO SCREAMS OF PAIN ARE HEARD ABOVE THE BUSTLE OF THE DENSELY THRONGED STREET!
AH-EE--EE--E---
OW-W-W-W!
TROUBLE, BUCKY! LET'S GO!

STEVE AND BUCKY PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD THAT QUICKLY GATHERS!
SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE! THERE'S POWDER BURNS ON THEIR CLOTHES!
HMM, QUEER! NO SOUND OF SHOTS! AND THE MESSENGERS POUCH IS GONE!
I SAW A MAN SNATCH IT UP WHEN THE MESSENGER DROPPED IT! HE WENT THAT WAY!
THANKS! COME ON, BUCKY!

STEVE AND BUCKY FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE EDGE OF THE INCREASING CROWD OF ONLOOKERS, ONLY TO REALIZE THE HOPELESSNESS OF THEIR QUEST

SWELL CHANCE WE GOT OF SPOTTIN' THE SNATCHER IN THIS MOB! HEY!

THE ROBBERY AND MURDER WERE CLEVERLY PLANNED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CROWD! OOPS!

A BEAUTIFUL, RAVEN HAIRED, YOUNG GIRL SUDDENLY DARTS OUT OF THE CROWD AND TOWARD THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET!

IT'S THAT SAME GIRL! SHE'S IN TROUBLE!

AW! DAMES ALWAYS ARE!

YOU YELLOW WORM! HITTING A GIRL!

OW-GH!

LET GO! AND BEAT IT!

NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH MY FATHER! OH-OH!

THE CRUEL EYES OF "DIAVOLO" THE KILLER NARROW WITH A COLD LIGHT, WHILE WATCHING STEVE!

I'LL FIX THAT MEDDLING MUG, BOSS!

HOLD THE GUN! MAYBE THE DAME WON'T SQUAWK!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?

HERE COMES A COP!

WHY--- YES! THANK YOU! OH---! THE POLICE!

SUDDENLY, THE GIRL DARTS AWAY-AND HAILS A PASSING CAB!

324 MINETTA LANE, DRIVER!

WELL--I'LL BE---???

WHAT'S THE ROW?

SOME WACKY DAME, I NEVER SAW BEFORE, ATTACKED ME!

YOU'RE LYING! SHE MUST'VE KNOWN YOU! I HEARD HER SHOUT SOMETHING ABOUT HER FATHER!

FATHER---?? YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! HA-HA! SHE'S CUCKOO!

SHE COMES TEARING UP IN BACK OF ME! AND CALLS ME "FATHER"! THEN... WHEN SHE GETS A LOOK AT ME...SHE SEES I AIN'T NATURALLY WHEN SHE CLAWS ME, I ACTS IN SELF-DEFENSE!

HMMMM?? QUEER TYPE TO BE AN ORGAN GRINDER!

IN THE GIRL GONE, THE OFFICER IS FORCED TO LET THE ORGAN GRINDER GO...

EVER SEE HIM BEFORE, OFFICER

THIS AIN'T MY REGULAR BEAT! BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT THAT ORGAN GRINDER'S BEEN AROUND HERE FOR YEARS!

LATER THAT SAME DAY AT DIAVOLO'S HIDEOUT...

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BOSS! HE HEARD WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT HER OLD MAN! OH-OH-UGH!

SHUT UP! COME ON, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO PAY THAT DAME ANOTHER VISIT!

AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

OKAY! SO EYETALIANS USUALLY ARE ORGAN GRINDERS, AND THIS ONE ISN'T AND TALKS LIKE A HUG? SO WHAT?

SO I INTEND TO HAVE A TALK WITH THAT GIRL AND LEARN WHY SHE IS AFRAID OF THE POLICE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY APPROACH A DILAPIDATED TENEMENT IN THE UGLY SLUM DISTRICT OF THE CITY...

314! THAT'S THE HOUSE! I HEARD THE GIRL TELL IT TO THE HACKIE!

HOLD IT! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT CAR AND THOSE FOUR MEN!

MADRE MIA!
YOU AGAIN?
YEAH! TO TEACH YOU A LESSON FOR NOT KEEPING THAT PROMISE!

THE BROTHER OF THE GIRL WATCHES HIS CHANCE AND DARTS TOWARD THE DOOR TO GET HELP!
JIMMY!
NO YOU DON'T, BRAT! O.K., BOYS! GO AHEAD!

AS THE KILLER QUARTETTE LUNGE FOR THEIR DEFENSELESS VICTIMS, TWO FAMOUS FIGURES BURST INTO THE ROOM!
WAHOOO!
WATCH THEIR STEEL, LAD!
CRASH!
CAPTAIN AMERICA??

NEVER MIND THEM! GET CAPTAIN AMERICA!

IN BACK OF YOU, CAP!

RIGHT, LAD!

MOVING SWIFTLY AWAY FROM HIS TWO LESSER OPPONENTS, CAP LEAPS TOWARD DIAVOLO IN TIME TO FRUSTRATE THE DEADLY SWISHING ARC OF FLASHING STEEL....

SCH!

HELLO! DIDN'T I SEE YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

OOF!

OF COURSE! YOU'RE THE MAN IN THE CROWD THAT WAS SO EAGER TO TELL ME ABOUT THE BAD, BAD ROBBER WHO SNATCHED THE MESSENGER'S POUCH!

WHAM!

CAP AND BUCKY'S HAMMERING OF DIAVOLO'S THREE THUGS, IS INTERRUPTED BY A FRIGHTENED SCREAM!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! HE'S GOT JIMMY!

I THOUGHT THAT LEFT HOOK TOOK CARE OF HIM...

RECOVERED QUICKER THAN I THOUGHT!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! IF YOU SO MUCH AS LET OUT A PEEP TO THE COPS OR CAPTAIN AMERICA TRIES TO INTERFERE, YOUR BROTHER DIES INSTANTLY!

SAP AND BUCKY ABOUT TO LEAP AFTER DIAVOLO, ARE RESTRAINED BY THE FRANTIC APPEALS OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER...

NO! MY JIMMY WILL DIE!

DON'T!

AFTER AT HEADQUARTERS, DIAVOLO'S CAPTURED THUGS ARE STUBBORNLY DEFIANT, AFTER HOURS OF GRILLING...

WE KNOW YOU BATS WERE IN ON THAT KILLING OF THE COP AND MESSENGER THIS MORNING! AND THE TWO OTHER JOBS BEFORE THAT!

WE AIN'T TALKING UNTIL OUR MOUTHPIECE GET'S HERE!

NO USE! TAKE 'EM AWAY! AND BRING IN THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER! MAYBE THEY'LL TALK

OH INSPECTOR!

SURE YOU CAN QUESTION THEM! HOPE YOU HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN I HAD WITH THOSE YEGGS!

THANKS, INSPECTOR! I'D APPRECIATE BEING ALONE WITH THEM! THE SIGHT OF POLICE UNIFORMS WON'T BE OF MUCH HELP!

NO! DON'T! THEY'LL KILL HIM IF YOU TELL!

YOU MUST! I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTHER'S FEAR AND YOURS TOO! BUT THE ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR BROTHER IS TO TELL ALL YOU KNOW!

I—I—CAN'T—!

WHO IS DIAVOLO AND WHY DO YOU FEAR HIM, WHY WERE YOU AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER THIS MORNING. YOU MUST TELL ME!

WHAT HAS THE ORGAN GRINDER TO DO WITH THIS UGLY BUSINESS, I HEARD YOU SHOUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FATHER!

NO, NO! I WON'T TELL! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME!

NO USE!

MEANWHILE AT DIAVOLO'S HIDEOUT...

BOSS! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE REST OF THE BOYS?

TIE UP THIS BRAT AND TOSS HIM IN WITH HIS OLD MAN! I'LL EXPLAIN WHILE YOU DO!

HE BETTER SCRAM OUT OF TOWN! THE BOYS MAY SING!

THEY WON'T! THEY KNOW I'D GET 'EM NO MATTER WHERE THEY'D BE, IF THEY DID! AND WE'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE!

YOU CAN STAY! I'M BEATING IT! U-RGH--- OUCH!

YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH HERE! BESIDES, I HAVE CERTAIN PLANS!

SOCK!

YOU — MEAN— YOU'RE GONNA PULL ANOTHER JOB DOWN THERE, TO-MORROW??

EXACTLY! THAT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'D EXPECT TO FIND US! THE DUMB COPS WOULD NEVER DREAM I'D HAVE THE NERVE TO DO IT!

WHAT ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA? MAYBE THE GIRL TOLD HIM?

HA-HA! I HAVE **DOUBLE** INSURANCE AGAINST THAT! SHE KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THEM IF SHE DID!

AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT OF PUZZLING THE STRANGE EVENTS, CAP ROUSES BUCKY...

(YAWN) WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHERE WE HEADING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

324 MINETTA LANE AGAIN! I WANT TO QUESTION THE NEIGHBORS!

NEWS OF THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S QUEST, QUICKLY SPREADS THROUGH THE TEEMING SLUM DISTRICT AND WORTHLESS AS WELL AS VITAL INFORMATION IS EAGERLY OFFERED...

MARIA'S GOOD GIRL! GIVE UDA COLLEGE AND WORKA HARD SINSA DA PAPPA, HE'SA RUNAWAY!

HE'SA NO RUNAWAY, MISTER! SHESA TALK TOO MUCH LIKA ALLA WOMAN!

A YOUNG GIRL STEPS FROM THE SURROUNDING CROWD....

MARIA'S FATHER VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY SOME WEEKS AGO! I SAW HIM DOWNTOWN ON WALL STREET, WHERE I WORK, THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! I TOLD MARIA WHEN I CAME HOME! SHE SEEMED TERRIBLY UPSET!

SUDDENLY, THE SPARK OF INSPIRATION FLARES IN CAP'S CHURNING MIND.....

HER FATHER, DOWN THERE. WHAT WAS HE DOING WHEN YOU SAW HIM??

WHY--WHY-- HE WAS PLAYING HIS HAND ORGAN LIKE ALWAYS! THAT'S HOW HE EARNS HIS LIVING!

THAT'S WHY THE GIRL WAS AT THE MURDER SCENE! SHE WAS LOOKING FOR HER FATHER! COME ON, BUCKY! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT!

I DON'T GET IT, CAP! WHY THERE?

TO TALK TO THE REGULAR COP ON THE BEAT AND CHECK ON THE ORGAN GRINDER. WE SAW!

CAP QUICKLY LOCATES THE PATROLMAN ON THE BEAT!

TONY--HE'S THE REGULAR ORGAN GRINDER. BRINGS THIS OTHER GUY AROUND ONE DAY AND TELLS ME HE'S O.K! THAT THEY'LL TAKE TURNS WITH THE ORGAN! COME TO THINK OF IT, TONY LOOKED KIND OF SCARED THAT DAY!

HMMM...!

HOLY CATS, THAT ORGAN GRINDER WAS IN ON THE KILLING OF THE MESSENGER AND COP!

SUDDENLY THE WAILING NOTES OF A HAND ORGAN ARE HEARD!

YES! (GROAN) AND I WON'T LET HIM SLIP THRU MY FINGERS! WHAT'S THAT?

LIKE A STREAK, CAP IS OFF TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC!

YOW! IT'S THE ORGAN GRINDER!

AND RIGHT BEHIND ANOTHER MESSENGER, GUARDED BY A COP!

CAP AND BUCKY FLASH INTO COORDINATED ACTION JUST AS TWO DEADLY LEADEN MISSILES WHINE THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING MESSENGER AND POLICE GUARD...

O-O-F!

HEY-- OOF!

(GULP) CAPTAIN AMERICA!

IAVOLO ATTEMPTS TO FLEE FROM THE CAR IN WHICH HE WAS TRAILING THE ORGAN GRINDER...

SWAN SONG FOR YOU, RAT!

DRINK

SOKK!

YOW-OO!

BUT IS CUT DOWN BY A STREAM OF CAREFULLY AIMED LEAD FROM THE POLICEMAN'S GUN...

AH-G-GR--GR--NNNN!

BANG

THE BULLETS CAME FROM GUNS WITH SILENCERS ON 'EM! THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T HEAR THE SOUND OF SHOTS!

TRUE! BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND THE GUNS ON EITHER OF THEM!

YOW! A REPEATING RIFLE WITH A SILENCER HIDDEN IN THE HAND ORGAN!

GOSH, CAP! HOW'D YOU KNOW?

REMEMBER, THE OTHER MESSENGER AND GUARD WERE SHOT IN THE BACK? WELL--- THE ORGAN GRINDER WAS DIRECTLY IN BACK OF THE VICTIMS, BOTH TIMES AND THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE FIRED THE SHOTS!

LATER, A HAPPY FAMILY REUNION TAKES PLACE, THANKS TO CAPS **PERSUADING** THE QUAKING ORGAN GRINDER TO REVEAL THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE FATHER AND SON.....

THISA DIAVOLO, HE COME TO ME ONA DAY! HE SAY I NO DO WHATTA HE WANTSA, HE KILLA MY WHOLE FAMILY! I NO WANNA HELP HIM KILLA AND ROBBA--- BUT NO CAN HELPA MYSELF!

EVERYDAY, DEYA TAKA ME DOWN THERE ANA MAKA ME PLAY! DAYSA WHEN DEYA KILLA AND ROBBA, DEY NO TAKA ME!

DIAVOLO WAS CLEVER! HE KNEW TONY HAD BEEN AROUND FOR YEARS! NO ONE WOULD EVER CONNECT HIM WITH THE MURDERS!

CRIMMINY! I HOPE WHEN I GROW UP, I'LL BE JUST LIKE YOU OR HIM!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, KID! CAP DID IT ALL! **HEY! WHAT GOES?? AW! CAN'T EVEN TURN MY BACK FOR A SECOND! DAMES! BAH!**

SMACK!

THE END

"SHIPWRECK"

SOMEWHERE between the last mountainous comber and the sandy beach, the boat struck projecting coral and Sykes felt the tiny craft shudder, as the bottom was torn violently open. A moment later, with a last violent lunge, the boat shot out onto the sand, turned sidewise and tilted up, flinging Sykes and his half-dead companion onto the beach.

Dazed, Sykes crawled across the narrow beach. Among the scattered bits of weeds, the big man slumped forward onto his face.

The sun was up when Sykes opened his eyes and stared into the deep blue of the morning sky. Slowly he got to his knees. Blood-shot eyes took in the small island, the few scrawny palm trees scattered along its possible half-mile length, the expanse of water between them and the second island away to the north. Why couldn't they have washed up there?

Close by a voice croaked, "Well, at least we're still alive."

Sykes groaned as he turned to stare at the speaker. Valentine's thin body looked like little more than skin and bone. Sykes said, "Of all the mugs I have to get myself shipwrecked with! I thought you were dead—"

"Probably wished I was," Valentine corrected. "Sorry to find you're wrong."

Sykes turned his six-six slowly to survey the tiny island. "Swell," he snarled. "All of a half mile by a quarter wide. Paradise! Plenty to eat and drink—"

"And me for company," Valentine concluded.

• • • • •

THE big man turned and tottered away. It had been like this on the boat, Valentine tagging around after him and making Sykes the laughing stock of the crew.

They'd been caught in a storm and the old Alma Mary hadn't been able to take it. She'd foundered after her cargo had ripped loose, and her bulkheads had sprung a leak. They'd fought all of one night and most of the next day, trying to keep her afloat. Only she'd taken all she could by then, and along toward evening of the second day, she'd broken apart and started to sink.

Sykes couldn't remember much of what happened. Only that they'd gone over the side. He had no idea how many of the crew had managed to save themselves. All he knew was he'd managed, by some miracle, to find a life boat empty and upright. He'd also found someone in the water and had dragged him aboard, and they'd drifted all that night . . .

The next day Sykes had discovered the identity of his companion. It couldn't have been Steve Anderson or Worth. No, it had to be . . . Valentine. A sawed-off runt who wore glasses and looked like something the cat had cold-shouldered.

Slowly Sykes' strength returned. He dug food out of the boat's locker. There was water, too. He broke open the meager provisions, doled out what he considered a fair share for each.

"You stay on your end of the island," Sykes warned Valentine. "I'll stay on mine. You come near me just once and I'll pulverize you!"

For once Valentine carried out orders. He haunted the entire end of the island to which he was confined. But Sykes often found the runt watching him, as if the very sight of the big man inspired hope.

• • • • •

THERE was little vegetation on the island. The few palm trees afforded scant shade during the hotter part of the day, and Sykes found it impossible to pass the time without thinking, staring off into the endless distance of the ocean. There was the other island, perhaps a mile or so distant. It looked much more habitable than this one. If only the boat had brought them ashore there.

Gulls swarmed through the air, and little crabs went scurrying across the hard packed sand. The food wouldn't last forever. Eventually they

might have to fall back upon the crabs . . . even the gulls.

Valentine approached toward evening, his face reflecting the hunger gnawing at his insides. "I'm thirsty," he pleaded. "If there was only some water on the island—"

"There ain't," Sykes growled. "Quit worrying about it."

Valentine had an uneasy glint in his eyes. Eventually you go nuts thinking about that sort of thing.

Sykes took his portion of grub to his end of the island. It didn't take long to eat. Later he climbed to a little rocky mound there, and turned slowly, surveying the wide expanse of the ocean. There wasn't even a trace of a ship anywhere—

* * * * *

PERHAPS it was because he wasn't as strong as usual, that Sykes slipped and fell. His leg twisted as he went tumbling down to the hard sand, lay there stunned and full of pain. Slowly he tried to rise, then slumped forward again before a rush of pain.

Later Valentine came tramping uneasily along the sand. He let out a yell at sight of the big man sprawled on the sand.

"Sykes!" the little guy cried. "Sykes . . ."

He managed to drag the big fellow back from the rising tide, rolled the tattered leg of his trousers up. Sykes knew without being told it was busted.

"I fell off that—that danged rock," Sykes growled plaintively. "Guess I'm not myself—"

"Don't talk," Valentine commanded. "Save your strength."

Sykes looked at him curiously. Valentine went back to the wrecked boat, dug out a few medical supplies and returned, bandaging Sykes' leg in a splint. He moved him further away from the shore, made him as comfortable as possible.

"I'll have to look after you now," Valentine admitted, sounding relieved. "And the grub—"

"You bring it here," Sykes snarled. "I'll dish it out. Although unless we're sighted by tomorrow night . . . we're finished."

* * * * *

WHAT little food there had been was gone. Valentine rigged up a covering with a tarp he found on the boat, to keep the worst of the sun off his companion.

By evening Sykes was raving. His lips and throat were parched, his eyes bloody red. Several times he tried to get up and Valentine had to sit on him to hold him down.

The third day was bad. To Sykes it was just a white hot hell. The throb of his leg seemed worse with each pulsation, till he felt he could stand it no longer.

Later he imagined Valentine had been responsible for his fall, had plotted to kill him. But Sykes' big body was, for once, beyond action.

Once he awoke and lay listening. He could hear the wash of waves, the eerie cry of gulls. Also he could hear what sounded like chopping.

"Water," Sykes cried hoarsely. "Water—"

Later Valentine came up to give him a brief swig. "More" Sykes whispered harshly. "I-I'm burning up—"

"Easy," Valentine soothed. "You're feverish. Take it easy."

Again Sykes came to. The ground beneath him seemed to be swaying. He could feel the wet spray upon his face.

Valentine stood above him. Sykes tried to speak but sound wouldn't pass his parched lips, and he slipped away into blackness again.

* * * * *

THE next time Sykes awoke he felt oddly rested. The pain had lessened in his body and his leg. He was in the cool shade of a hut . . . Sykes stared up as Valentine came through the door. "Where—"

The runt squatted down, dumped an arm full of fruit on the ground. He said, "You'll be okay. There's friendly natives here—"

"You mean—we—"

"We came over on a raft." Valentine's voice trembled a little, hardened. He added succinctly, "I built it. It was a job."

Sykes closed his eyes. Valentine had built a raft, had gotten them over here. The natives were friendly—

"You saved the two of us," Sykes said. "All the time I thought you—" He stopped.

"You thought I wasn't good for much," Valentine chuckled. "I fooled you and myself, too. It sure was a job. You didn't make it any easier. I had to tie you down to the raft."

There was silence while Valentine peeled the fruit. "Eat it," he said. "You'll feel better. Fever's going down at last—"

"Okay," Sykes said softly. "Okay—Butch."

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

A WHOLE COMMUNITY TERRORIZED BY A CORRUPT POLITICAL MACHINE DIRECTED BY AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL GENIUS! ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY CHAMPION THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE AND FIND HECTIC ADVENTURE WHEN THEY MATCH WITS WITH THE MYSTERIOUS "BOSS---"

in "MURDER by PROXY!"

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES... ON THEIR WAY TO THE MAINE WOODS... FOR A FURLOUGH... APPROACH A THRIVING, NEW ENGLAND TOWN...

HEY STEVE! I'M GETTING HUNGRY!

RIGHT! LET'S FIND A HOTEL AND HAVE DINNER!

SUDDENLY...

HELP!

WHAT TH-?

WHAM!

WITH IT'S MOTOR WIDE OPEN A DARK SEDAN SUDDENLY ROARS DOWN THE ROAD...

QUICK! MAKE FOR THE STATE ROAD!

HEY! LOOKOUT!

YOW!

KERASH!!

THERE THEY GO, CAP!

LET'S GET AFTER THEM!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE STATE ROAD!

WE'LL LET CAPTAIN AMERICA TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

THERE'S A CAR FOLLOWING US NOW!

DON'T SHOOT! SHOTS WOULD GIVE US AWAY!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

WE'RE GAINING ON THEM, CAP!

GRAB THE WHEEL, KID!

THE SEDAN ATTEMPTS A GETAWAY, BUT BUCKY FORCES IT TO A HALT...

GET 'EM BOYS!

GULP! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

GOOD WORK, LAD!

SCREECH!

CAP AND BUCKY MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE TRIO'S ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE!!

AND ON EXAMING THE SEDAN...CAP FINDS...

SO IT'S MURDER, EH?

CAP! HERE COMES A DAME!!

THE BOSS DID IT! MURDERED BOTH OF THEM! JIM! JIM! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

I'LL RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL! YOU MARCH THOSE KILLERS BACK TO TOWN!

CHECK! SEE YOU AT THE HOSPITAL! AND YOU BIRDS START MOVING!

...PART OF THE MYSTERY UNFOLDS ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL...

SO YOUR FIANCE LEARNED THE IDENTITY OF "THE BOSS"

YES! JIM, AND JENNINGS, THAT'S THE OTHER MAN, WERE ASSISTANTS TO MY UNCLE, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

JIM TOLD ME TONIGHT, HE KNEW WHO "THE BOSS" WAS -- BUT HE WAS ATTACKED BEFORE HE COULD TELL ME HIS NAME!

HERE'S THE HOSPITAL, NOW!

ONE HOUR LATER...

BABY NOW, MISS, HERE'S THE DOCTOR, NOW!

UNCLE!

MY DEAR!

HI'YA, CAP!!

OUT OF DANGER --WONDERFUL--ER- CAN HE--ER---- BE QUESTIONED?

SORRY, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BUT HE'LL BE UN-CONSCIOUS FOR AT LEAST TWELVE HOURS!

TOO BAD! REGRETTABLE! BUT IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! AH! CAPTAIN AMERICA, YOUR PARTNER BROUGHT IN THE KILLERS! CONGRATULATIONS!

AS SOON AS JIM REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE'LL KNOW WHO THE BOSS IS! AT LAST, OUR FAIR CITY WILL THROW OFF THE SHACKLES OF THIS FOUL ODRE OF GRAFT AND MURDER!

KINDA LONG WINDED!

WHY WAIT FOR JIM? THOSE THREE MURDERING THUGS WE CAUGHT, KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE BOSS!

WHAT? OH! OF COURSE! CAPITAL IDEA, BUT USELESS! WE'VE QUESTIONED THE BOSS' HENCHMEN ON OTHER OCCASIONS AND FAILED!

EXCUSE ME! HERE'S THE POLICE GUARD I SENT FOR! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON THE "BOSS" FINISHING OFF JIM!

LATER... AS CAP AND BUCKY LEAVE THE HOSPITAL...

SORRY! ORDERS! NO ONE GETS INTO THE HOSPITAL!

THAT D.A. IS SURE TAKING PAINS TO PROTECT JIM!

TOO MANY PANS AND MAKING SURE EVERYONE KNOWS IT!

AN ALLEY... BORDERING THE HOSPITAL...

WHAT'S THE IDEA CAP? THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO OUR HOTEL!

BUT IT'S THE REAR OF THE HOSPITAL!

OH! NOT A COP IN SIGHT HERE!

I KNOW IT! LET'S GO KO!!

GOSH, CAP! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT WAS PURPOSELY LEFT UNGUARDED!

HIS ROOM IS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR; IT SHOULD BE ONE OF THOSE WINDOWS!

INSIDE JIM'S ROOM....

WHAT'S THAT? OH, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

SH--- SH---

SECONDS LATER... CAP IS WHISPERING ORDERS TO THE DISTRACTED SWEETHEART OF UNCONSCIOUS JIM...

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!

YOU MUST, MISS! HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER!

OVERCOMING THE GIRL'S RELUCTANCE, CAP REVEALS HIS DARING PLAN TO BUCKY.....

OKAY, CAP, COUNT ME IN!

YOU'VE GOT TO KO! EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

CAP'S MYSTERIOUS ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

DERE SHE IS! SITTIN' BY DE BED!

GET THE SACK OVER HER HEAD! ORDERS ARE NOT TO HARM HER!

MOVING SWIFTLY AND STEALTHILY THE THUG LEAD SWIFTLY INTO THE ROOM AND THE SACK IS WHIPPED OVER THE HEAD OF THE STRUGGLING GIRL!!

OKAY! GOT HER! TAKE CARE OF JIM, THEN WE'LL GIVE THE "BOSS" THE SIGNAL

THEN AS THE COVERS ARE PULLED BACK TO LOCATE THE VICTIM'S HEART FOR THE FATAL THRUST, A POWERFUL HAND CHOKES OFF A STARTLED EXCLAMATION!

AS IF CAPE ACTION WERE A SIGNAL, THE BACK COVERED FIGURE ACTS WITH TELLING EFFECT!

UGH!

AND BUCKY... DRESSED IN THE BOY'S CLOTHES FRANCE REVEALED!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! URG-H!

JIM! IS HE ALL RIGHT?

SAFE, UNDER THE BED!

LISTEN ....! I'M GOING TO LOOSEN MY HOLD, BUT ONLY SO YOU CAN WHISPER WHAT THAT SIGNAL WAS! IF YOU TRY ANY TRICKS -- I'LL --

AGH-H!

... MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE ...

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF WE STOOD OUTSIDE THE DOOR, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

HARDLY! FROM THIS POINT YOU CAN SEE ALONG THE --- A KNOCK? DON'T BOTHER BOYS, I'LL GO!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

CAPTAIN AMERICA??

WELCOME MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY! OR WOULD YOU PREFER MY CALLING YOU THE BOSS?

YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO --

OW! UGH!

KLAK

BAM!

TSK! TSK! ... AND SUCH A PRETTY CHAIR TOO!

MIGHTY SLICK! GETS THE COPS OUT OF THE WAY, WHILE HIS KILLERS ARE IN THE ROOM!

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